

A RUN FOR LIFE.

When I was a boy, all my near relatives thought that I was "out out" for a Methodist minister. Upon what particular traits of my character they based their opinion I cannot say, for I am not able to affirm with truth that my general deportment was to be recommended as a model for other boys to follow. Perhaps it was because my face had a naturally solemn and wise expression.

Be that as it may, at the suggestion and with the advice of my far-seeing relatives, I was brought up to regard the Methodist ministry as the goal of my studies, and with commendable ardor my father, who was not wealthy, lent every effort to the attainment of this object. In consequence of the great zeal with which I seconded their views, I found myself at twenty with health much impaired, and mind weakened to a degree that unfitted me for further study.

In the general alarm at my condition, my relatives again came to the front, and suggested a change—a trip to the West. Straightway an aunt on my mother's side, who had married a lumberman and lived in Northern Minnesota, being duly made aware of the state of things, invited me to visit her family, and thither I went.

That was in the spring of 1870. The Minnesota climate acted like magic upon my overstrained nerves, and the beginning of autumn found me restored to strength, and so far recovered as to be able to take a school to teach. More than half the people in the district were Swedish and Norwegian settlers, and I experienced no end of trouble, with not a few ludicrous incidents, in understanding their broken English and their odd customs.

The term of school ended about the first of December. My uncle was at that time carrying on lumbering operations forty miles from home, on the outlet of Lake Winibigoshish, one of the lakes which form the head waters of the Mississippi River. He invited me to join him at the end of the school term. I had never been in a lumbering camp, and determined to spend a month or two in the pine woods with him. There was fine hunting—deer, foxes, musk-rats, lynxes, and other animals in the region.

In the settlement where I had been teaching there was a young Norwegian, Lars Bjork, two or three years older than I, who had trapped and hunted about Winibigoshish for several years.

He was a skillful woodsman, and a thoroughly good-hearted young man, strong, sturdy and intelligent. He had been a chopper at the camp through the autumn, but as he thought that he could earn more money at trapping and hunting, my uncle willingly let him off, and acquiesced in my plan to accompany him for a trip of a few weeks around the foot of Winibigoshish, twenty miles above the camp. He also offered us a spare mule—"Bingo" by name—to haul our outfit.

It was the middle of December when we started out from camp. We had an odd assortment of provisions, buffalo skins, blanket, camp utensils, tools for constructing a log hut, traps, guns, snow-shoes, a little rusty stove, and two bundles of pressed hay to eke out Bingo's browse diet, all loaded securely on an old sled. We followed the smooth, ice-bound river, which, as but little snow had fallen, furnished a good roadway.

It was a long day's tramp. It was getting late when we arrived at the place settled upon for the camp. Nothing could be done that night, beyond throwing up a temporary shelter of saplings and evergreen boughs, beneath which we crawled with our robes and blankets, and with our feet to a big fire of dry pine logs, slept till morning. That is to say, Lars slept, but the unusual and lonely situation drove sleep from my eyes for many hours.

Bingo, poor beast, was hatched in a birch thicket a little way off, where he browsed diligently.

We lost no time in selecting a site for our winter camp. At the end of two days, with Bingo's help in drawing the logs into place we had constructed a comfortable hut, its chinks tightly calked with moss to keep out the shifting snow, which, in that cold region, usually falls in fine dry crystals. Against the back side of the hut we also threw up a rough "lean-to" for Bingo's accommodation.

After getting our camp in order, we turned our attention to business. Lars set all the steel traps which we had brought.

About the lake shore and along the river he constructed "dead falls" for mink, martin and otter. A few otter had been captured by the Norwegian the previous winter, but they were exceedingly shy, and not abundant.

For three or four weeks but little snow fell. There was just enough to make the ground excellent for tracking game, and we were successful in securing quite a pack of fur—two of the coveted otter skins among others.

We had trapped several wolves, too, which proved that there were numbers of them about us. Yet as Lars had exhibited no fears concerning them, I felt none. Several times, on our long snow-shoe tramps across the country, we had caught sight of them running with great swiftness, but we could never come near enough for a shot.

At length the snow began to come down in earnest nearly every day. The cold was intense. We had been down to my uncle's camp once for supplies and for the mail, which was brought in occasionally by one of the men.

On Candlemas Day we awoke to find that a genuine blizzard had struck us. We were entirely out of meat, for game had been scarce on the line of our traps for several days, and we had decided to devote this day to supplying our larder. Now there was nothing for it but to stay in shelter till the storm was over.

For three days and nights the gale blustered and howled through the tree-tops above our hut, whirling the snow in such thick clouds as nearly to another one out of doors. We dared not venture two rods from the hut, for fear of never finding our way back through the blinding drift.

The cold was almost unbearable. With all our efforts we could scarcely keep from freezing. Fortunately we had prepared a supply of wood only a few yards from the door, and by turns we went through the drifts, dug out an armful, and guided by the other's voice, crawled back to the hut, with hair and clothes and eyes pealed full of snow. Even with all the fire we could keep, I was obliged to wrap myself in one of the buffalo robes, and crouch in a corner nearest the stove.

Lars, a true son of the North, and accustomed to fierce blizzards, kept busy mending our clothes, traps and "skees," or snow-skates, such as are used in his snow-bound native country, and whistled merrily,

while the wild wind sent little eddies of snow whirling through the chinks into his yellow hair.

The fourth morning dawned bright and clear. The weather had moderated, but the snow lay four feet deep over the whole country. Our little hut was nearly buried, and so hard were the drifts packed that I, who was about forty pounds lighter in weight than Lars, could run over them anywhere. The Norwegian would now and then slump through them.

But the cold weather had given us tremendous appetites, and our diet had been very tame. We knew that animals could not have moved about much in the deep snow during the long storm, and that they must have become famished. Accordingly, we thought that now game of all sorts would be astir.

After an early breakfast, we started out on our skees, which were made of ash, five or six feet long, very narrow, thin, and as smooth as glass. They were bound to the foot by straps, and with them one accustomed to their use can skim over the snow with great swiftness. Although I was thoroughly at home on ice-skates, it was some time, with Lars's teaching, before I could keep pace with him.

After getting a little way back from the lake, the country was open, with the exception of strips of timber, bordering the streams. Upon the banks of two of these, we decided to set some of the traps, which had been taking nothing about the lake for several days.

In the afternoon I started a doe, in a broad strip of timber, near a creek. As it bounded off over the snow I fired, but missed. Scarcely had the report been heard when my companion's rifle cracked, and at the same moment I heard him cry out sharply, as if in distress.

Much alarmed, I hastened in the direction of the sounds and found that a most distressing accident had happened. The doe had run toward Lars, who, while skimming along to get a nearer and more effective shot, had broken through the snow which had drifted over some small shrubs. His rifle was discharged as he fell forward, and the bullet had entered his left ankle, making a terrible wound.

Lars Bjork was a man of much courage and as stoical as an Indian, but the pain was so great that he swooned dead away. I, on my part, was so overcome, that for a moment I lost my head entirely and could do nothing. But Lars soon recovered consciousness and instructed me how to bandage the limb and stop the flow of blood.

How to get him to camp was the next question. In this matter, too, Lars's brain was more fertile than mine. Some sort of hand-sled, he declared, must be improvised, and I must go to camp, which was about three miles distant, after the axe, anger and rope.

I disliked to leave him alone in his distress, but there was no other way; so, after providing him with a bed of boughs, I started off, and as I had now become expert in the use of those wonderful skees, in less than an hour I had made the trip and was back again.

Obedying Lars's direction, I now cut two birch saplings, having natural crooks, for runners, and smoothed them off with the axe. Then I bored holes and put in cross-bars. Upon these I laid boughs and one of the robes which I had brought from camp. The sled was now ready, and my wounded companion managed to crawl upon it.

The load was not very heavy after getting under way over the smooth, hard snow. We went on at a good pace and had accomplished half a mile from the place where the accident occurred, when chancing to look back, I saw four or five animals about the spot, scrambling and apparently fighting with each other. I mentioned it to Lars. With an effort he turned to look back.

"They're wolves," he said. "Get to camp as fast as you can!"

The brutes had sneaked from some covert in the timber as soon as we had started, and were licking the blood off the snow. They might even have been in pursuit of the doe, the cause of our misfortune.

As we had frequently seen them, while out trapping, I did not at first feel alarmed. But soon a series of prolonged howls from behind warned us that, maddened by extreme hunger and the taste of blood, they were in pursuit, and that others were joining in the chase, coming out from the timber as we hurried along. I glanced at Lars. His face was very white, but he grasped his rifle firmly.

I now fully realized our peril and put forth my utmost efforts.

The country was half-open here. I had heard that it is the habit of wolves, when in large numbers, to try to surround their prey. I was certain that was what they meant to do if they could come up with us. Moreover, I soon found that they were gaining, in spite of my exertions.

We had covered hardly more than a mile and a half of the distance, when in going over some concealed shrub, where the snow was shallow, the sled broke through and threw me down.

I thought it was all over with us then, but I was not entangled, nor was anything broken, and scrambling to my feet, I jerked the sled out of the snow and was off again in a twinkling. But the howls of the pack had come fearfully nearer.

"Fly to camp, mine friend! Fly to camp. Don't mind me!" the brave Norwegian now exclaimed, as we dashed along. "They'll have us both. But drop me and you can get to the camp."

"Fire back into them!" I panted, for I felt ready to drop.

Lars managed to turn around and discharged his rifle, and at this unexpected salute the oncoming pack halted for a moment. This gave us a little time and I made the most of it, yet we had not gone fifty yards further before the troop were again in full cry; and although he continued to fire as fast as he could reload, the ravenous brutes now paid no attention to the reports.

But at last, and as it chanced, with his final cartridge, he hit one of the foremost of the pack. The creature fell, and immediately the others set upon him after the manner of wolves. This again gave us a little start. Yet they quickly tore their wounded fellow to pieces and were after us again, more greedy than ever, before we had got out of their sight among the scattered timber.

Then I thought of a fox which we had trapped, and I had tossed under the robe beside Lars, at starting.

"That fox!" I gasped. "Pitch that out!"

Overboard went the precious gray fox. Then on—on—on, for life again. But we were within twenty rods of camp now, and

with a fresh spurt I dashed for the door and reaching it, ran inside, sled and all, at one final leap.

The door was slammed to and barred; and mad at our escape, the hungry creatures dashed themselves against it, like a foaming sea-wave.

But we were safe. I dropped upon the camp floor exhausted.

Till nearly midnight the famished animals raged about the hut. Then a little later we heard a sudden and most appalling outcry. But it was as quickly hushed. The wolves had broken into the "lean-to."

Poor Bingo! There was nothing left of him to tell of his fate.

In the morning all was quiet. I took Lars, who had passed a night of agony, on the sled, and again set off down the river toward my uncle's camp, which we reached about noon. The Norwegian was taken home and ultimately recovered.

Next day I went back to our camp with two of the men, and brought out our furs and traps. But I had no further desire to hunt that winter.

Capturing Mosley.

The truth of the following comical war story is vouched for by its narrator, John Estlin Cooke. A body of Federal cavalry had approached very near the Confederate lines, and two or three of them who had gone out to forage, came to a cabin in the woods, and after careful reconnoitring, rapped at the door. A negro woman answered the knock, and seemed very much disturbed at the sight of the blue coats.

"We want some supper."

"Yes, sir."

"But first, is there anybody here?"

"No, sir."

"Are you sure?"

"Oh, they ain't nobody here but me—'cept!"

"Except who?"

"Only Colonel Mosby, sir."

"Colonel Mosby!" exclaimed the speaker, with at least three exclamation points in his accent, and getting hastily into his saddle.

"Are you joking?" he added. "You'd better not. Is Colonel Mosby here?"

"Ye-s, sir," stammered the woman in great terror; and at the same moment a low noise like that produced by the footstep of a man was heard inside.

No sooner did the men hear this than they turned their horses' heads and galloped off to their command, where great excitement at once ensued.

It was necessary to act with much caution. Mosby's desperate courage was well known, and he would make all the stouter resistance because he was sure to be hanged to the first tree if he was captured,—as a "bushwhacker" and an outlaw.

Elaborate preparations were made, the cabin surrounded, and the door suddenly burst open. Men rushed in with cocked pistols. But no rebel was to be found.

"Where is Mosby?" thundered the officer.

"Oh, there he is," was the trembling reply of the woman.

"Where?"

"There, sir." And the woman pointed to the cradle.

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, sir! I don't mean—I didn't mean nothin'! I call him 'Mosby,' sir—'Colonel Mosby,' sir—that's his name, sir."

Awaiting her doom, she stood trembling before the intruders. They, on their part, looked from the woman to the baby, sucking away at his thumb; scowled, growled, took another look; saw that the old woman had told the truth; then they burst out laughing, took to their horses, and were soon out of sight.

A Quiet Power for Good.

There is a work being quietly carried on by many persons in various ways, the importance and dignity of which are seldom recognized. It is not that of doing great or brilliant or illustrious things, but of making it possible that others shall do them. When men see one who surprises them by some exceptionally fine achievement; the author of some brilliant discovery or grand invention; some strong statesman who becomes a power for good in his country; some wise reformer or philanthropist who brings light and help to the ignorant and unfortunate, they are content to admire and honor the man without inquiring into the sources which may have fed his genius or inspired his enthusiasm.

Yet there are none of the truly great men of the world who do not owe much of their greatness to the influence of persons of whom the world has never heard. Most of them are conscious of this, and gladly and gratefully recall the inspiration, encouragement, or wisdom gained from an honored parent, a respected teacher, a thoughtful friend. Much, however, of such influence has been unconsciously given, and as unconsciously received. Noble lives are continually being nourished by other noble lives, and none can tell how largely they may be contributing to the world's welfare and joy, by simply making it possible for others to develop faculties and produce results which for themselves would have been impossible.

To those who are not vain and selfish the possibility of this quiet but effective work will appeal with much force. Only a few can distinguish themselves in any department of life; but all can in some way enrich the lives and forward the labors of those few. Take the home, for instance, that shelters the infancy and trains the childhood of one born with a large capacity in some given direction. How much of what he may be to the world depends upon the influences which shape his earliest years! The father and the mother, with perceptions sharpened by love, can stimulate and encourage whatever is best within him, can fortify his resolution, direct his education, open to him opportunities, and thus prepare him for a life of great value, in which they also will truly live and rejoice. Then there is the faithful, intelligent, and wise teacher, living a quiet, perhaps an obscure life, but so shaping the minds and stimulating the powers of her pupils that some of them perhaps attain to heights which she herself could never reach.

A case came before the Sheriff's Court at Dundee, Scotland, recently in which a woman claimed alimony from her three sons-in-law. The sheriff decided that "the liability of a son-in-law to support his wife's parents was a natural one which he was bound to take over with his wife." The mother-in-law, in Scotland at least, is thus a firmly established institution with a legal status now added to her former great moral weight in the household.

At a Reading.

BY THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

The spare Professor, grave and bald, began his paper. It was called, I think, "A Brief Historic Glance At Russia, Germany, and France." A glance, but to my best belief 'Twas almost anything but brief—A wide survey, in which the earth was seen before mankind had birth; Strange monsters basked them in the sun, Behemoth, armored glyptodon, And in the dawn's unpractised ray The transient dodo winged its way; Then, by degrees, through slit and slough, We reached Berlin—I don't know how, The good Professor's monotone Had turned me into senseless stone Instantly, but that near me sat Hypatia in her new Spring hat, Blue-eyed, intent, with lips whose bloom Lighted the heavy-curtained room. Hypatia—ah, what lovely things Are fashioned out of eighteen Springs—At first, in sums of this amount. The eighteen Winters do not count. Just as my eyes were growing dim With heaviness, I saw that slim Erect, elastic figure there, Like a pond lily taking air. She looked so fresh, so wise, so neat, So altogether crisp and sweet, I quite forgot what Bismarck said, And why the Emperor shook his head, And how it was von Moltke's frown Cost France another frontier town. The only facts I took away From the Professor's theme that day Were these: a forehead broad and low, Such as the antique sculptures show; A chin to Greek perfection true; Eyes of Astarte's tender blue; A high complexion without fleck Or flaw, and curls about her neck.

Across the Fields of Rye

BY EUGENE CLAY FERGUSON.

I love to ramble through the lanes, When days are bright with June, When clover blooms are showing red, And birds in sweetest tune; When winds are blowing from the north, And clouds are floating high, And billows chase each other fast Across the fields of rye— Across the fields of rye, Across the fields of rye, When billows chase each other swift, Across the fields of rye.

The bees are humming 'mid the flowers. The swallows dart and play As if they knew this is the time Of nature's holiday; And e'en the fields a gladness feel, While fragrant breezes fly From where the madcap billows chase Across the fields of rye— Across the fields of rye, Across the fields of rye, From where the madcap billows chase Across the fields of rye.

Long years ago I met a lass, 'Twas near the twilight hour, And with her eye she snared my heart, And held me in her power. Her head was turned, she did not know— I kissed her on the sly; And that is why I love you well Sweet waving fields of rye— Oh, waving fields of rye! Sweet waving fields of rye! Alone I tread your path to day Oh, waving fields of rye!

STATISTICS.

The five heaviest hammers in the world were built in the following order: Krupp, at Essen, 1867, 49 tons; Terni Works, Italy, 1873, 50 tons; Creusot, France, 1877, 80 tons; Cockerill, Belgium, 1885, 100 tons, and Krupp, Essen, 1886, 150 tons.

The earnings of the Canadian railways are showing up well when compared with other through lines across the border. The statements of the New York Central and Lake Shore roads show considerable deficiencies as compared with last year. The Grand Trunk continues to increase, the earnings for the past four weeks being \$50,100 more than the corresponding four weeks of 1887. The gross earnings of the Canadian Pacific for Ontario were \$1,348,700; working expenses, \$768,837; net profits, \$579,933. For the ten months ending October 31, 1888, the figures are as follows:—Gross earnings, \$10,720,130; working expenses, \$7,847,289; net profits, \$2,872,841; a gain of \$243,529 over the corresponding period of last year. The earnings for the week ending Nov. 30th were \$391,000, as against \$372,000 the same week of 1887.

Here is a curious study in figures," said the expert accountant. "Multiply the figures 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, by 45 and we get this result: 5,555,555,505. Reverse the figures: 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1 and use the same multiplier, and we get another curious string as follows: 444,444,444,445. Taking the same figures as the multiplicand and reversing the figures 45—54—we get an equally curious result: 6,666,666,606. Again reversing the multiplicand and using the same multiplier makes the sum total all 3's except the first and last figures, to wit: 5,333,333,334. You will perceive that the first and last figures put together make 54—the multiplier. Take the half of 54—27—or reverse 2 and 7 and use it as the multiplier and the result will be just as astonishing—all 6's and 1's. There is a witchery in these figures that I can't understand; can you?"

Variations in the value of New York and vicinity real estate are a somewhat astonishing series of phenomena. In 1834, \$750 each for lots on Broadway and Fourteenth Street was scouted as a crazy demand. In the same year \$1,200 for a lot on Fifth Avenue and Fourteenth Street was a wildly speculative venture; but in 1835 such lots were sold at auction for \$13,000; in 1836, for \$28,000, and may now be worth \$100,000. In 1836, Anthony J. Bleeker sold lots in Harlem for \$1,000 each. Ten years later the same lots sold for nine dollars each over and above incumbrances, and ten years later still sold for \$2,500 each. In 1836 he sold sixty-one lots in Paterson for \$42,000, and in 1842 resold them for \$3,000. Since then they have commanded upward of \$150,500. In 1835 he sold lots on Forty-third and Forty-fourth Streets for \$400 each, resold them in 1836 for \$900 each, and after the financial crash of 1857 sold them once more for \$3,000 each. Just after Central Park had been laid out, he sold lots on Fifth Avenue, near Sixtieth Street, for \$700 apiece that are now held at \$35,000.

Don't You Know

that you cannot afford to neglect that catarrh? Don't you know that it may lead to consumption, to insanity, to death? Don't you know that it can be easily cured? Don't you know that while the thousand and one nostrums you have tried have utterly failed that Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy is a certain cure? It has stood the test of years, and there are hundreds of thousands of grateful men and women in all parts of the country who can testify to its efficacy. All druggists.

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The Power of Ink.

A small drop of ink, falling, like dew, upon a thought, proclaims that which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think," wrote Byron. The inspiration of his pen might give the dusky fluid such a far reaching power, and we wish we were possessed of such an inspiration, that we might, through a like medium, bring into such extended notice the matchless virtues of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, those tiny sugar-coated granules which contain, in a concentrated form, the active principles of vegetable extracts that Dame Nature designed especially to promote a healthy action of the liver, stomach and bowels.

Life has been compared to a race; and illusion improves by observing that the most swift are ever the most apt to stray from the course.

Poor Widow Bedott!

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"Affliction sore
Long time I bore."

Had the lone creature used Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription—the sure remedy for the weaknesses and peculiar ailments of her sex—she might have secured the deacon's favor by the cheerful character of her verses.

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A. P. 430

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